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Ips, Gips, and Johnson

Author Unknown

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IPS, GIPS, AND JOHNSON; OR, THE Three Butchers!

:o:

IT was Ips, Gips, and Johnson, as I've heard many say,
They had five thousand guineas all on a market day;
As they rode over Northumberland as hard as they could ride,
O hark! O hark! says Johnson, I hear a woman cry.
Then Johnson being a valiant man, a man of courage bold,
He ranged the woods all over till this woman he did behold;
How came you here, said Johnson, how came you here I pray,
I am come here to relieve you if you will not me betray.
There has been here ten swaggering blades, they have hand and foot me bound,
And stripped me stark naked, with my hair pinn'd to the ground;
Now Johnson being a valiant man, a man of courage bold,
He took his coat from off his back to keep her from the cold.
Now they rode over Northumberland as hard as they could ride,
She put her fingers in her ear and gave a dreadful cry,
Then up starts ten swaggering blades with weapons in their hands,
And riding up to Johnson they bid him for to stand.
I'll not stand, says Gipson, then no, indeed, not I,
Nor I'll not stand, says Ipson, I'll sooner live than die,
Then I will stand, says Johnson, I'll stand the whole ten,
I never yet was daunted, nor afraid of any man.
Then Johnson drew his glittering sword with all his might and main,
So well he laid about him till eight of them were slain;
As he was fighting the other two, this woman he didn't mind,
She took his knife all from his side and ripp'd him up behind.
Now I must fall, says Johnson, I must fall unto the ground,
For relieving this wicked woman she gave me my death wound.
O base woman! O base woman! what hast thou done?
Thou hast killed the finest butcher that ever the sun shone on.
This happened on a market day as people were riding by,
To see this cruel murder they gave a hue-and-cry,
So now this woman's taken and bound in fetters strong,
For killing the finest butcher that ever the sun shone on.

THE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

London:—H. P. SUCH, Machine Printer & Publisher,
177, Union-street, Borough, S.E.

I'LL sing you a good old song made by a good old pate,
Of a fine old English gentleman who had an old estate,
And who kept up his old mansion at a bountiful old rate,
With a good old Porter to relieve the old poor at his gate,
Like a fine old English gentleman, one of the olden time.

His hall so old, was hung about with pikes, and guns,
and bows,
And swords, and good old bucklers, that had stood
against old foes,
And 'twas there his worship sat in state in doublet and trunk hose,
And quaffed his cup of good old sack to warm his good old nose,

Like a fine old English, &c.

When winter old, brought frost and cold, he opened house to all,
And though three-score-and-ten his years he featly led the ball,
Nor was the houseless wanderer e'er driven from his hall,
For while he feasted all the great, he ne'er forgot the small,

Like a fine old English, &c.

But time though sweet, is strong in flight, and years roll swiftly by,
And Autumn's falling leaf proclaimed the old man he must die;
He laid him down right tranquilly—gave up his latest sigh.
And mournful friends stood round his couch, and tears bedim'd each eye,

For the fine old English, &c.

Now surely this is better far than all the vain parade
Of theatre, and fancy ball, 'at home,' and masquerade,
And much more economical when all your bills are paid,
Then leave your new vagaries off, and take up the old trade

Of a fine old English, &c.